



This Means War



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Chapter 1 by ArchAngel

It all began innocently enough, I thought I'd get a cat to keep me company, so I got a little grey kitten called Gizmo.

I bought him one of those hammocks you hang on the radiator, a scratching post and some toys. He had a little mouse you could wind up and he loved to chase it. Well, one day I accidentally stood on it and it broke, so I quietly dropped it in the kitchen bin when Gizmo wasn't about.

Later that evening I found Gizmo sitting on the kitchen counter. The bin had popped open, had he somehow opened it? and he was looking down. He gave me a hard look from under his brows. "Naughty Gizmo, off the counter", I admonished, and scooped him onto the floor.

Next morning, when I went down for breakfast, imagine my surprise to see (and smell) cat poop on the kitchen counter, two blobs and a curved line. It looked, for all the world, like he'd drawn a sad face with his butt.

I dropped Gizmo on the front lawn. He tried to scoot back inside, but I blocked the doorway with my leg as I shut the door. "No, Bad Cat, you're spending the day shut outside to reflect on

your actions!" He did not look happy.

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When I got home from work there was a muddy bundle of cloth in the middle of the road. I couldn't work out where it had come from. It was missing from the washing line. There he was innocently rolling around, cute as a button, in a patch of daisies.

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Leaning over the fence, my neighbour Mrs Miggins was watching him play. "Aw, he's so cute, you're so lucky to have such a beautiful cat. Look at his little face, it's almost like he understands."

Oh, I think he understands all right, I think he understands very well indeed.

Chapter 2 by ArchAngel



Gizmo gave me his cute face. He was by the cupboard where I keep the cat food. "You want me to give you a treat?" He mewed, and butted his head against the door. "Well, sorry buddy, you don't deserve one." Gizmo waited a while longer, then trotted off with an angry scowl and disappeared through the cat flap. The washing machine had finished, so I dragged my sheets out and hung them on the dryer, but they were still damp when I went to bed.

After an awful sleep, I woke with a stiff neck and a sore throat. I got downstairs and there were muddy paw prints all over the kitchen, and not just the kitchen floor. Gizmo had been having fun practicing Freerunning during the night. A race track of mud smeared across the floor, over the units, and up the walls. How could one cat make this much mess? He must have gone out to get fresh mud a few times!

Gizmo was now **Missing In Action**, and my car keys had vanished without a trace. I wasted half an hour looking for them before phoning a taxi. I was pretty late getting to the office, and the manager took me to one side and reminded me my contract was up for renewal in a few days.

My co-worker, Janet, caught me at the water cooler, "How's it going? You're looking really rough this morning."

I sighed, "Thanks! My new kitten's been playing up."

"Have you had him neutered yet? That will stop any naughty behaviour."

"Does that work?" Janet nodded vigorously. So I booked an appointment for Gizmo with a vet,

and bought a big plastic pet carrier on my way home.

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Chapter 2 by ArchAngel



I phoned in sick. I was sneezing.

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My manager reminded me, again, that my contract was due for renewal in a few days.

It was time to deal with that cat. "Oh, Gizmo... Gizmo... where are you?" He came trotting into the hallway with an inquisitive *Purrow?* and cocked his little head to one side. "How would you like to come with me on an adventure? It's time to visit Vets-ville and say goodbye to the family jewels, buddy." He looked at the pet carrier and took a tentative step backwards.

Before he could run, I scooped him up in my arms. That's when he started swinging his paws like a professional boxer. He bobbed and weaved, then biffed me twice on the nose. Bop! Bop! Then he threw a haymaker and gave me an uppercut to the chin. Whamo! This didn't have the desired effect of knocking me out, so his claws came out. Suddenly I had 3 vertical scratches down the middle of my forehead, followed by a left-hander and 3 horizontal scratches. They stung. I dropped him and he shot like a rocket to freedom. That's when I saw myself in the hall mirror. The little monster had carved a swastika on my forehead! Seeing fifty shades of red, I went charging after him outside.

There he was, curled up in the arms of Mrs Miggins who was tickling his tummy, "Who's my little cutie pie?! Yes, it's you, you are." She looked up with a smile and "Good morning", but seeing my forehead her smile faltered. "Is that my phone ringing?", she said and hurried to her house. Gizmo, looking over her shoulder, stuck out his tongue and put his paw up.

Chapter 4 by -



To say I was shocked was putting it mildly! A CAT, none the less, who seemed to know **exactly** what to do in any given moment or who was very expressive just when he wanted to *flip me off*! Unheard of, for sure. I was fuming by this time, bound and determined to put a stop to Gizmo's antics which always seemed innocently, **at my expense**.

MEANWHILE IN MRS. MIGGINS APARTMENT

I took a long, contented sigh as I stretched and started licking my paws (a clean cat is a happy cat you know). I was lying on the nice neighbor lady's flower-patterned couch, just enjoying a lazy, warm sunny day. No bothers! No worries! At least for the moment. Until I had to go 'home'

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Miss Mousie. I've never had anything that was all *mine*. So when he destroyed her, I knew that his days were numbered. For seeking revenge, I have, and will continue to do so. All he has to do is admit he did it, tried to cover it up, then say he's **SORRY**.

But until that happens (if it ever does),

THIS IS WAR!!!

Chapter 5 by -



I sigh with contentment and begin to clean my paws. I just ate a nice bowl of *Fancy Feast Garden Greens*, my 'all time favorite'. But as I'm savoring the last morsel, I can't help wondering how Mrs. Miggins knows this is my favorite, and **PAUL DOESN'T!** This is just ONE more nail in his coffin. ONE more reason for me to make his life a living hell. Am I afraid he won't want to keep me anymore? **FRANKLY MY DEAR, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN.**

BACK IN PAUL'S APARTMENT

Well, Gizmo has been MIA for a fortnight. I think he's probably still over at Mrs. Miggins house. Am I jealous that he seems to like her more than me? Well, since no one else is around to hear my answer, I will respond with a sounding *YES, I'M JEALOUS!* Even when he's done those seemingly innocent things, or scarred my face all to hell (I'll never look like my pretty self again.....sob.....s.....o.....b), I still want him.

And I know **exactly** how to win him back!

Chapter 6 by ArchAngel



I was sitting in the police station with a blanket wrapped around my shoulders, dripping wet and making a puddle on the floor. Officer Garcia came in and sat opposite me. "Is that a scratch on your forehead?"

"No, it's a scratch that looks like a scratch."

He didn't look convinced. "Well, it's not a scratch, it's a scratch. It's a scratch because you drank a bottle of cough medicine?"

"Yes, a non-hbtdidn't drink good and I got carried away."

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"You then proceeded to drive 50 mph in an urban area."

"Yes, so I could get to the vets before they closed."

He raised his eyebrows, "Why the rush?"

"I wanted Gizmo microchipped and neutered! He'd been stolen. I only just managed to win him back with a trail of his favorite cat treats."

"Mmhm." He made some notes. "When you were speeding, why didn't you pull over for the patrol car?"

"My radio was on loud to drown out Gizmo's yowling, I didn't hear the siren."

"But what about the flashing lights?"

"I was distracted... Gizmo escaped from the carrier, climbed onto the passenger headrest and was throwing haymakers into the side of my head."

"Which is how you lost control of your vehicle, crashed through the side barrier and plunged into the river?"

"Yes Officer, that is correct, and I can't thank the brave officers enough who dived in and saved me. Sadly, Gizmo went down with the car."

Chapter 7 by ArchAngel



I thought about Gizmo. He was supposed to keep me company, and wow, had that backfired. I now had a swastika scar on my forehead and my car was at the bottom of the river. Also, I didn't mention, but my contract wasn't renewed, so he had cost me my job. I felt a little guilty he'd drowned in the river, but I also felt relieved. Time for a new chapter in my life... so the next morning I bought a goldfish called Flippy. What kind of trouble could a goldfish cause me, right?

Well, I got back from doing the groceries, and noticed Flippy was missing from his goldfish bowl. I searched and found that somehow the kitchen bin had popped open and there was Flippy laying on top of yesterday's Chinese Takeout, dead. It was a mystery how he managed to flip himself all the way over into the bin. He must have been an Olympic goldfish. I started feeling very unlucky with pets.

That night I woke in a cold sweat. I had a nightmare Gizmo was sitting on my pillow giving me a

hard look from under his brows. I sat up and could hear the ghostly patter of his little paws too. I shivered. Cheese. I had a cheese. See more of Story Wars I and it had given me strange dreams. That must be it.

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Chapter 8 by ArchAngel



Waking up, I could smell rotten eggs. Panicking, I leapt out of bed and sprinted down the stairs two at a time into the kitchen. I felt giddy, I needed to find the gas leak. I should have opened a window, instead I skidded to a stop, stunned. There, sat on the kitchen worktop next to the cooker, was Gizmo. He was wrapped up in an oven mitt. "Gizmo, you're alive!", I cried. He looked at me, then at the cooker's ignition switch then looked at me again.

"Gizmo, what... are... you... doing?" I took a step towards him.

Gizmo inched a small paw towards the ignition switch.

I took another step, "Don't do it Gizmo! Are you insane?"

Gizmo slowly put his paw on the switch.

As I rushed towards him, I heard a click. There was a blast of heat and I was flung backwards by the huge fireball blasting the kitchen. Somehow, I scrambled out the front door. There I sat on the lawn in my boxers with second-degree burns, watching the raging inferno that was my home being burnt to the ground.

A Fire engine, an ambulance and a couple of cop cars arrived. They wanted to take me to the hospital, but first I needed to check something. I limped to the back of the house. There, in the middle of the kitchen window was an oven mitt shaped hole, and in the daisies on the lawn lay an empty oven mitt.

One of the cops came over, it was officer Garcia. I grabbed his arm, "It was my cat, officer, you have to believe me now! He came back and blew up my house. It must have been revenge!"

Officer Garcia sighed, shook his head, and led me over to the ambulance.

the end

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